In the Kitchen

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Summary: Lunchtime, the most hectic time of the day. Marth loves Cheerios, Nana discovers pickles, Pit breaks another toaster, and Ike wants chicken and CANNIBALISM? (A crack fic, I think. This is a commentary on what writer's block does to a person. I apologize.)

Chapter 1: In the Kitchen

I was experiencing some writer's block, and what better way to deal with it than spew some utter nonsense about Smash Bros.? If my newfound terminology is correct, this is what you'd call a "crack fic". I've noticed that in a lot of my stories, tons of random stuff happens in the kitchen, so I'm messing around with that. Time for food-related references! Please don't take this seriously. Enjoy. Or don't. Up to you.

It was lunchtime, aka Ike's favorite time of the day. Well, it *usually* was his favorite time of the day. Today, however, he was less than pleased.

"Maaaaaaarth!" he wailed. "We have no chicken!" He'd looked through every food-containing receptacle in the kitchen, but could find no chicken of any kind. This was simply unacceptable.

Marth, who was making himself a bowl of cereal for lunch for some reason, rolled his eyes. "We ran out yesterday, don't you remember?"

"No!"

"Well, we did. You pitched a fit. Anyway, why can't you just make a sandwich or something?"

Ike pouted. "I don't remember that. And I'm too lazy to do all that work. Why are you having cereal for lunch, you weirdo?"

Marth gazed fondly at his bowl of Cheerios. "Cereal is beautiful. You would not understand."

"Just like you don't understand my *chicken*." Ike stomped over to the cupboard, opened it, and grabbed the first thing inside. It appeared to be a box of brightly-colored candy. He sat down at the table with Marth and frowned at the box.

"Mike and Ikes?" read Ike in confusion. "Who's Mike? I don't know any Mikes." Shrugging, he began to eat the candy. "These taste weird," he speculated.

Just then, Ness entered the kitchen with Nana. He approached Ike and frowned at the box in his hand. "Mike and Ikes? If you eat them, doesn't that make you a cannibal?"

"Not if I only eat the Mikes," he replied.

Marth canted his head. "How are you supposed to tell them apart?"

Nana looked over in confusion. "Wait, Ike's a cannibal?"

"IKE'S A CANNIBAL?!" The sound of shattering glass rent the air as Link leapt explosively in through the kitchen window ("Doors are so last week anyway," Ness muttered). He unsheathed his sword and looked around the room wildly. "MARTH! LOOK OUT! IKE'S A CANNIBAL! GET AWAY FROM MARTH, YOU FIEND!" Link leapt across the length of the kitchen and tackled Ike straight out of his chair and onto the floor.

"Get off me, idiot! I'm not a cannibal!" yelled Ike, struggling to remove Link from on top of him. "I want chicken!"

"I WILL PROTECT YOU MARTH!" screamed Link, obviously not listening to a word Ike was saying. Ike flared up angrily. "Hey! I protect Marth!"

Marth scowled, dropping his spoon. "Guys, no one *protects* me. Now calm down-" However, his words were in vain, for Link and Ike began to pummel each other viciously, rolling on the floor and screaming. Nana walked past the scene nonchalantly, heading to the fridge to get something to eat for herself. She surveyed the contents of the refrigerator, and decided she would make something with eggplant. It was her and her brother's favorite, after all. She pulled one out of the vegetable drawer. However, this turned out to be a mistake.

"*Nana*! DON'T TOUCH THAT!" Pit leapt in through the broken window (as doors are very last week) and swinging his bow like a baseball bat, he sent the vegetable flying out of her gloved hand and to the floor twenty feet away. He then proceeded to hack at the eggplant furiously with his weapon, light a match and set it ablaze before grabbing the fire extinguisher and covering the eggplant in a big pile of foam, and throwing the extinguisher onto the mess. And just for good measure, he grabbed the toaster off the counter and smashed it down on top of it all, sending springs and bits of metal flying everywhere. He then looked up with a serene smile. "The danger has passed," he informed no one in particular.

Nana, traumatized by this sudden assault on her lunch, plopped onto the floor and began to cry. At the same time by the kitchen table, Marth stood up and announced to Ike and Link, who were still brawling on the floor, "Okay, you two, if you

don't stop fighting I'm going to take a gold star off both your good boy charts!" This caught the attention of the two swordsmen, and they began to wail, "Nooooo, Marth! Please don't! I'll be good!"

In the distance, Shulk's feeling it senses were tingling, and he could sense that a number of people in the kitchen were really not feeling it. Thus, he leapt in through the smashed window, keeping with the times, to investigate. "Pit!" he yelled. "Why'd you make Nana cry?!"

Pit looked ashamed. "I'm sorry! There was imminent danger! Look, I'll make it better!" he darted to the still-open refrigerator and looked inside. "See, Nana, don't be upset! Eggplants are overrated anyway!" He pulled out a jar of pickles from the shelf. "You can have some, uh, whatever the heck these things are! I'm sure they're wonderful." He tossed the jar to Nana, who caught it and surveyed the pickles with interest, no longer crying. Pit gave Shulk a thumbs-up, and Shulk was satisfied.

"You know," he said, "I'm pretty hungry. I could go for some chicken."

"We have none," said Pit sadly. "But there's a KFC not far from here. We could go get some!"

"Sounds like a plan!" said Shulk happily. "Let's fetch some chicken!"

Ike, who was pleading with Marth, whipped around at the sound of the c-word. "Chicken?!" He leapt to his feet. "WHERE CHICKEN?!" He began to rampage around the kitchen, brandishing his sword around wildly, nearly taking off Link's head. Link crawled out the door of the kitchen, tearful and fearing Marth's wrath, sobbing, "Zelda, help meeee…"

"Oh no!" yelped Pit. "We said the c-word! Ike's gonna chop our heads off!"

Shulk ducked to avoid Ike's randomly flailing sword. "Ack! How do we make him stop?!"

"Uh, uh-" Pit looked around for options. "Nana, I'm gonna borrow one of these real fast!" He grabbed a pickle out of the jar that the girl was still gazing at fondly and threw it as hard as he could at Ike. It smacked him square in the eye and bounced to the floor.

"Ow!" whimpered Ike, stopping dead and slapping a hand to his eye. "It burns! Owwie! I can't seeee!" He then tripped over the remains of the eggplant mess on the floor and fell out the broken window into the grass.

"…well," speculated Pit. "These 'pickles' make very good deadly projectiles."

A brief silence followed. Then Nana, Pit, and Shulk yelled at the same time, "PICKLE FIGHT!"

The three of them all began to sling pickles everywhere as ammunition for their game. Eventually, Pit took things outside by crashing through the *other* window in the kitchen (because the last window was so five minutes ago), and the other two pickle-throwers promptly followed suit.

Soon, the only people in the kitchen were Marth and Ness, who had been untangling his yo-yo, apparently not paying attention to the goings-on and seeming surprised that the room was now nearly empty.

Marth sighed dejectedly, poking at his lunch with his spoon. "Alas, my beloved Cheerios have gone all soggy."

Ness picked up one of the pickles on the floor with a confused expression. "You guys have weird pickles around here."

"How so?"

"I dunno…shouldn't they be fuzzier?"

Marth rolled his eyes and went to get more Cheerios.

...I apologize if you lost brain cells. They're pretty last week, though.